

FRANCE'S WAR MINISTER: CHRISTMAS BY INJUNCTION

Andre's Successor Is a Socialist Millionaire Broker.

Though a Civilian, He Is Posted on Army Matters.

His Political Program Is Socialistic to an Extreme.

Paris, Dec. 10.

MAURICE BERTEAUX, the socialist millionaire stock broker, who has just succeeded General Andre as minister of war, is something of a novelty in that capacity.

There have been Socialist ministers before, notably Millerand, minister of commerce, in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, and Pelletan, minister of marine in the present cabinet. Indeed, Premier Combes himself, though flying the flag of the so-called Progressist Republicans, is a Socialist in convictions and in line of conduct. But there has never before been a stock broker minister in France, and very few civilians have been ministers of war, the only precedent in recent years being Godfrey de Cavignac and de Broglie.

Maurice Berteaux was born at Saint-Mandé-Fosses in 1859 and has been a stock broker at the Paris bourse since the age of twenty-seven. His first political experience came as city legislator in the town of Chateau, and he was afterward mayor of the same place, still holding this position at the present time. In 1890 he was elected member of the chamber of deputies representing the Seine-et-Oise department, in which various stances and he has been regularly re-elected ever since.

A Successful Broker.

Berteaux is among the most successful of bourse men, and he clings so much to his profession that he has refused to retire from active business, even to become minister. Some opposition to this was raised in the cabinet, and he declared that he would refuse the ministry, but would not resign his seat at the bourse. Investigation proved that his case being unprecedented, there was nothing unconstitutional in his retaining his business connection, and, therefore, he was allowed to do as he pleased.

As all young Frenchmen must perform their army service without exemption, Berteaux will be a member of the army, and sometimes clients themselves among the soldiers serving under him, and his position will not be an enviable one when he is compelled to administer punishment to them for questions of discipline.

Knowledge of the Army.

While essentially a civilian and a financier, Berteaux is not lacking in knowledge of army matters. He has served his three years in the ranks, and is a captain of reserves. For several years he has been secretary of the budget commission for the army, and he has given proof of exceptional technical ability. He was among the ad-

Secretary Morton's Nautical Anecdote

PAUL MORTON, Secretary of the United States Navy, told a good story about a Jack Tar who was called a witness in connection with a criminal trial recently.

"The case concerned a burglary in a jewelry store," said Mr. Morton. "The sailor I am about to speak of, however, was in no way implicated. Most seamen, as you know, have an inveterate tendency to describe everything in the language of the sea. In the case I have just mentioned this peculiarity was amusingly illustrated. On Jack entering the witness box and being sworn, the conversation, as near as I can remember it, went something like this:

"Now, Mr. Rowley," as was Jack's real name, said the lawyer for the prosecution, "you will please tell the court just what you know concerning the prisoner at the bar."

"Well," said Jack, "ye see, 'twas like this. I was steering along in the lee of the postoffice, just backin' an' fillin' so's to let a friend as I was expectin' range up alongside, when suddenly that fellow opened out his harbor lights an' came bowling along like the Mayflower in a fit. When he gets under my lee he jammed his helm hard down an' stood away on the port tack until he about fouled the pierhead. Then he put his wheel up an' bore away, before a good ten knot."

"My dear man," said the lawyer, "this jargon is utterly unintelligible to the court. You must be more explicit. Was not the night on which you saw the prisoner a particularly stormy one?"

"Oh, well," replied Jack, "you could have carried your topsails easily enough, and your courses, too; but it would hardly have been safe to set your to'gallants without a double reef in each of them. You might have carried the spanker with one reef, but she would have steered better if you had put on a couple."

"This is not answering my question," cried the lawyer. "You are trifling with the court, sir. Now, please pay attention, and reply to me in an intelligible manner. About what time was it on the night on which you saw the prisoner?"

"I should say it was about three bells in the second dog watch."

"You are insulting the court, sir!" cried the lawyer, angrily. "I must ask his honor to warn this witness against any further trifling with this court."

The judge, turning to Jack, said, sternly: "You must cease your professional jargon, my man. It is wholly incomprehensible. Give your evidence in a plain, straightforward manner."

"Wholly incomprehensible!" exclaimed Jack, in amazement. "Why, you call yourselves scholars, an' you don't understand plain English. How the dickens do you want me to speak?"

"It is only a waste of time dealing with this man. You can stand down."

"I can what?" asked Jack.

"Stand down, sir!" cried the lawyer. "Been at sea twenty years, an' never heard such an order all the time. What yer gettin' at?" queried Jack.

"Think he means you to trip your anchor and give him a wide berth, Jack," cried a brother Jack in court.

"Well, why didn't he say so?" muttered the sailor, as he was stepping down from the dock. "Darned if I ever seen such a bunch of lubbers! They don't know as much as the galley boy."

And yet they say Mr. Morton is not a sailorman.



MAURICE BERTEAUX.

Socialist Millionaire Stock Broker Who Has Succeeded General Andre as French War Minister.

vocates of the two-year army service law, instead of three years, as at present, and his oration on this subject was largely responsible for the passing of the bill before the chamber.

This bill has now been passed by the senate also, and having returned to the chamber for definite ratification, Berteaux hopes to have the privilege of being the first to apply it. Among other reforms which he projects for the army are measures to check the spread of tuberculosis, and a new method of recruiting officers, so that these may hereafter be called from all ranks of the population.

Trouble Results.

The greatest present trouble in this last connection comes from the fact that French officers are so ill paid that the army doesn't offer a career sufficient in

itself. A small proportion of officers are members of the nobility who want a military career to carry on the prestige of their name, but fully nine-tenths are the sons of grocers, wine-dealers, or others who have made money without attaining social position, and see their best chance for a social opening by entering the army.

Apart from army matters, Berteaux's political program is socialistic in the extreme, save for the fact that he does not advocate the confiscation of private fortunes for the public good. He wants a new law by which railroad employees and other workers shall receive a greater share of all profits, he wants an income tax, he wants to break absolutely and irrevocably all link between the French state and the Vatican, and he clamors for a thorough revision of the entire constitution on liberal lines.

(Continued From Fifth Page.)

you're asleep. And they make marks in the soot in the chimney with the tongs to look like Santa's sleigh tracks."

"That might be so," argued Trinidad, "but Christmas trees ain't no fairy tale. This one's goin' to look like the 10-cent store in Albuquerque, all strung up in a red wood. There's tops and drums and Noah's arks and—"

"Oh, rats!" said Bobby, wearily. "I cut them out long ago. I'd like to have a rifle—not a target one—to shoot wild cats with; but I guess you won't have any of them on your old tree."

"Well, I can't say for sure," said Trinidad, diplomatically. "It might be. You go along with us and see."

The hope thus held out, though faint, won the boy's hesitating consent to go. With this solitary beneficiary for Cherokee's holiday bounty the canvassers spun along the homeward road.

In Yellowhammer the empty storeroom had been transformed into what might have passed as the bower of an Arizona fairy. The ladies had done their work well. A tall Christmas tree, covered to the topmost branch with candles, spangles and toys sufficient for more than a score of children, stood in the center of the floor. Near sunset anxious eyes had begun to scan the street for the returning team of the child providers. At noon that day Cherokee had dashed into town with his new sleigh piled high with bundles and boxes and boxes of all sizes and shapes. So intent was he upon the arrangement for the altruistic plans that the dearth of childhood did not receive his notice. No one gave away the humiliating state of Yellowhammer, for the efforts of Trinidad and the Judge were expected to supply the deficiency.

When the sun went down Cherokee, with many winks and arch grins on his seasoned face, went into retirement with the bundle containing his Santa Claus raiment and a pack containing special and undisclosed gifts.

"When the kids are rounded up," he instructed the volunteer arrangement committee, "light up the candles on the tree and set 'em to playin' 'Pussy Wants a Corner' and 'King William.' When they get good and at it, why—old Santa'll slide in the door. I reckon there'll be plenty of gifts to go 'round."

The ladies were fitting about the tree, giving it final touches that were never final. The Spangler sisters were there in costume as Lady Violet De Vere and Marie, the maid, in their new drama "The Miner's Bride." The theater did not open until 9, and they were welcome assistants of the Christmas tree committee. Every minute heads would pop out the door to look and listen for the approach of Trinidad's team. And now this became an anxious function, for night had fallen and it would soon be necessary to light the candles on the tree, and Cherokee as apt to make an irruption at any time in his Kriss Krinkle sack.

At length the wagon of the child "rustlers" rattled down the street to the door. The ladies, with little screams of excitement, flew to the lighting of the candles. The men of Yellowhammer passed in and out restlessly or stood about the room in embarrassed groups.

Trinidad and the Judge, bearing the marks of protracted travel, entered, conducting between them a single imish boy, who stared with sullen, pessimistic eyes at the gaudy tree.

"Where are the other children?" asked the assayer's wife, the acknowledged leader of all social functions.

"Ma'am," said Trinidad, with a sigh, "prospectin' for kids at Christmas time is like huntin' in blue-stone for silver. This parental business is one that I haven't no chance to comprehend. It seems that fathers and mothers are willin' for their offsprings to be drowned, stoic, fed on poison oak and eat by catamounts 364 days in the year; but on Christmas Day they insists on enjoyin' the exclusive mortification of their company. This here young biped, ma'am, is all that washes out of our two days' maneuvers."

"Oh, the sweet little boy!" cooed Miss Erma, trailing her De Vere robes to center of stage.

"Aw, shut up," said Bobby, with a scowl. "Who's a kid? You ain't, you bet!"

"Fresh brat!" breathed Miss Erma, beneath her enameled smile.

"We done the best we could," said Trinidad. "It's tough on Cherokee, but it can't be helped."

Then the door opened, and Cherokee entered in the conventional dress of Saint Nick. A white rippling beard and a flowing hair covered his face almost to his dark and shining eyes. Over his shoulder he carried a pack.

No one stirred as he came in. Even the Spangler sisters ceased their coquettish poses and stared curiously at the tall figure. Bobby stood with his hands in his pockets gazing gloomily at the effeminate and childish tree. Cherokee put down his pack and looked wonderingly about the room. Perhaps he fancied that a bevy of eager children were being herded somewhere, to be loosed upon his entrance. He went up to Bobby and extended his red-mittened hand.

"Merry Christmas, little boy," said Cherokee. "Anything on the tree you want they'll get it down for you. Won't you shake hands with Santa Claus?"

"There ain't any Santa Claus," whined the boy. "You've got old false billy goat's whiskers on your face. I ain't no kid. What do I want with dolls and tin horses? The driver said you'd have

a rifle, and you haven't. I want to go home."

Trinidad stepped into the breach. He shook Cherokee's hand in a warm greeting.

"I'm sorry, Cherokee," he explained. "There never was a kid in Yellowhammer. We tried to rustle a bunch of 'em for your sake, but this sardine was all we could catch. He's a atheist, and he don't believe in Santa Claus. It's a shame for you to be out all this truck. But me and the Judge was sure we could round up a wasonful of candidates for your gimcracks."

"That's all right," said Cherokee, gravely. "The expenses don't amount to nothin' worth mentionin'. We can dump the stuff down a shaft or give it away. I don't know what I was thinkin' about. But it never occurred to my cogitations that there wasn't any kids in Yellowhammer."

Meanwhile, the company had relaxed into a hollow but praiseworthy imitation of a pleasure gathering. Bobby had retreated to a distant chair, and was coldly regarding the scene with emul plastered thick upon him. Cherokee, lingering with his original idea, went over, and sat beside him.

"Where do you live, little boy?" he asked, respectfully.

"Granite Junction," said Bobby, without emphasis.

"The room was warm. Cherokee took off his cap, and then removed his beard and wig.

"Say!" exclaimed Bobby, with a slow of interest, "I know your mug, all right."

"Did you ever see me before?" asked Cherokee.

"I don't know; but I've seen your picture lots of times."

"Where?"

"The boy hesitated. 'On the bureau at home,' he answered.

"Let's have your name, if you please, budde."

"Robert Lumsden. The picture belongs to my mother. She puts it under her pillow of nights. And once I saw her kiss it. I wouldn't. But women are that way."

Cherokee rose and beckoned to Trinidad.

"Keep this boy by you till I come back," he said. "I'm goin' to shed these Christmas duds, and hitch up my sleigh. I'm goin' to take this kid home."

"Well, indeed," said Trinidad, taking Cherokee's vacant chair, "and so you are too superannuated and effete to yearn for such mockeries as candy and toys it seems."

"I don't like you," said Bobby, with acrimony. "You said there would be a rifle. A fellow can't even smoke. I wish I was at home."

Cherokee drove his sleigh to the door, and they lifted Bobby in beside him. The team of fine horses sprang away

prancingly over the hard snow. Cherokee had on his \$500 overcoat of baby sealskin. The laprobe that he drew about them was as warm as velvet.

Bobby slipped a cigarette from his pocket, and was trying to snap a match.

"Throw that cigarette away," said Cherokee, in a quiet, but new voice.

Bobby hesitated, and then dropped the cylinder overboard.

"Throw the box, too," commanded the new voice. More reluctantly, the boy obeyed.

"Say," said Bobby, presently. "I like you. I don't know why. Nobody never made me do anything I didn't want to do before."

"Tell me, kid," said Cherokee, not using his new voice, "are you sure your mother kissed that picture that looks like me?"

"Dead sure. I seen her do it."

"Didn't you remark somethin' awhile ago about wantin' a rifle?"

"You bet I did. Will you get me one?"

"Tomorrow—silver plated."

Cherokee took out his watch.

"Half past nine. We'll hit the Junction plumb on time with Christmas Day. Are you cold? Sit closer, son."

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A KICK FOR EACH.

A conspicuous figure in this year's football squad at Yale is the young Count Vallobrosa de Mores.

Now and then the classmates of the youth put questions such as these to him:

"How many hundreds of years old is your title?"

"Have you ever met the Kings of England or any other kings?"

"Is a French count equal in rank to an English lord?"

These questions are asked sincerely enough, but the count hesitates to answer them, for he fears that their purpose is to ridicule him. The other day he said to an inquisitive young San Franciscan:

"My friend, it is useless to attempt to make sport of me. I know how you Americans despise titles. I am wiser than the young Duke of Middlesex and Southwark was."

"The Duke of Middlesex and Southwark? Do you know him?" said the San Franciscan reverently.

"No," the other answered. "I don't know him, but I have heard about him. He inherited his title early, and he was a duke when he entered Eton."

"Being proud and arrogant he did not mingle with the Eton boys at first. A few days after his arrival he stood alone in a corner of the playground watching the games a little scornfully."

"A boy of about his own age ran up and said:

"I say, who are you?"

"I am the Duke of Middlesex and Southwark," he replied.

"The Duke of Middlesex and Southwark, eh?" said the boy. "Well, here's a kick for the Duke of Middlesex, and there's another for the Duke of Southwark."

NOTEWORTHY CAREER AND GROWTH OF A BIG DISTRICT INDUSTRY

The District of Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company.

This company is incorporated under the laws of Virginia to manufacture paper, and was formed to operate the old

Hill Mill, in Georgetown. After starting with this object in view, the company decided to buy the property outright, replace the old machines by new and more up-to-date machinery, besides putting other additions to the plant.

The output of the mill has been increased from 2,000 to 15,000 pounds per

day. Owing to the central location of the plant, and the excellent shipping facilities, the company has customers in almost all States in the Union. It also has a very nice foreign trade, shipping to South America, Canada, Mexico, British Columbia, South Africa, and other countries too numerous to

mention. The company's largest customer is Uncle Sam, who consumes quantities of the mill's production.

The plant is driven by steam and water-power. It has one of the most uniform water powers of its size in the United States. A water-power that can be depended upon 365 days in the year

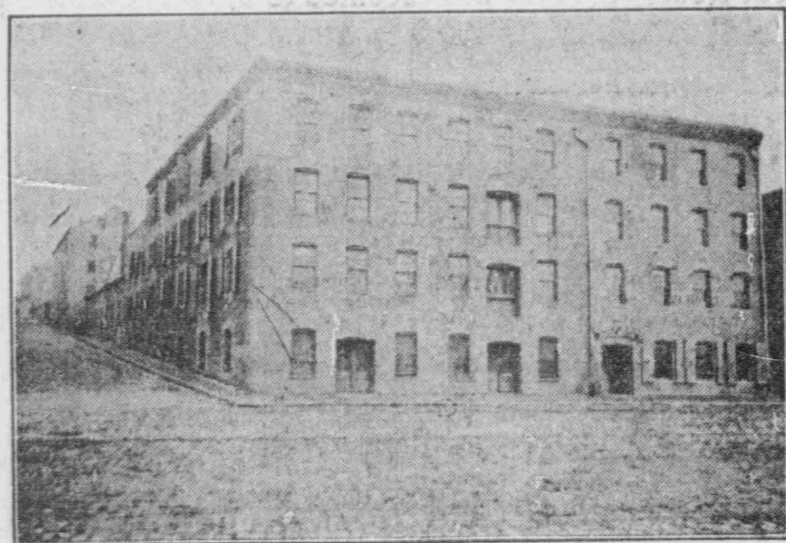
is a great advantage to any manufacturing plant in these times of fierce competition.

The coal supply is brought direct from the mines over the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to the door of the mill.

The company makes a specialty of fine cover and blotting papers, as well as the regular lines of cover, blotting and matrix papers.

Modern Plant and Modern Methods Have Won Success.

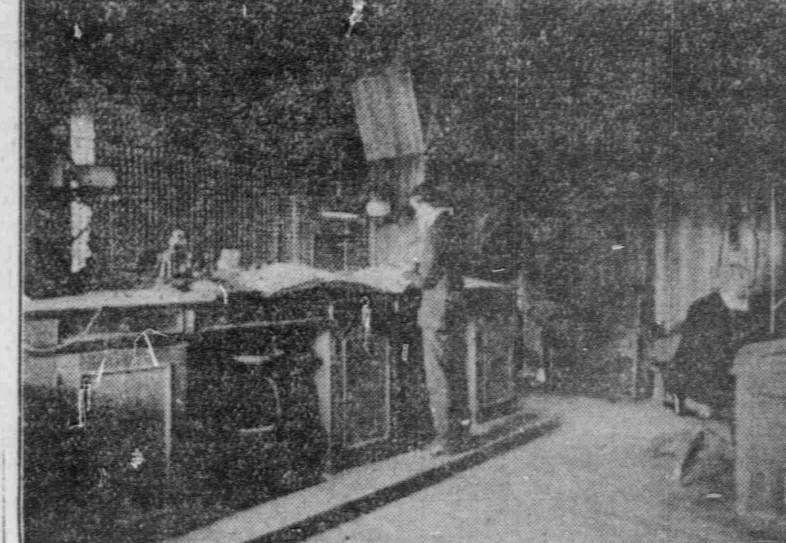
The accompanying illustrations will give a general idea of a few things of interest to the reader.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA PAPER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



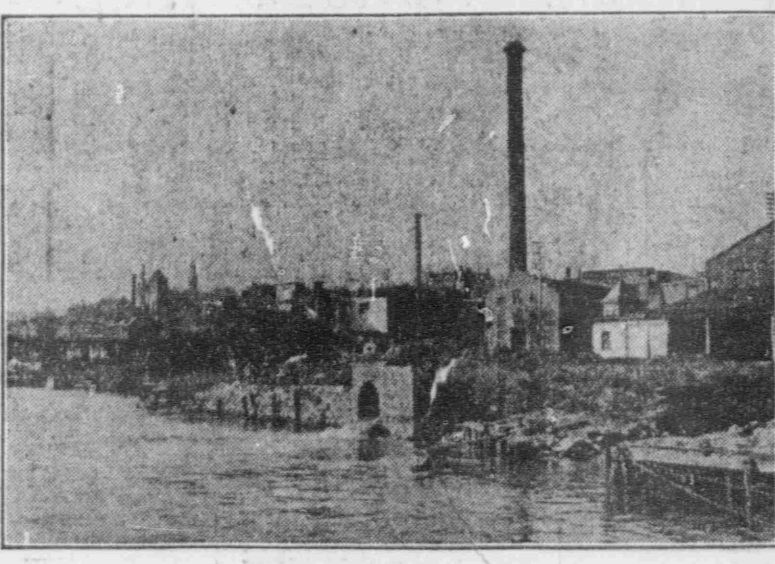
GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE.



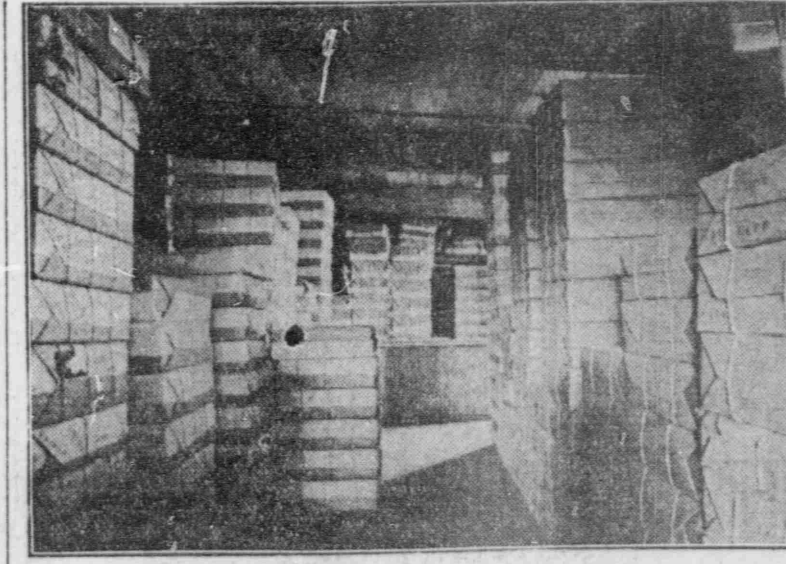
TREASURER'S OFFICE.



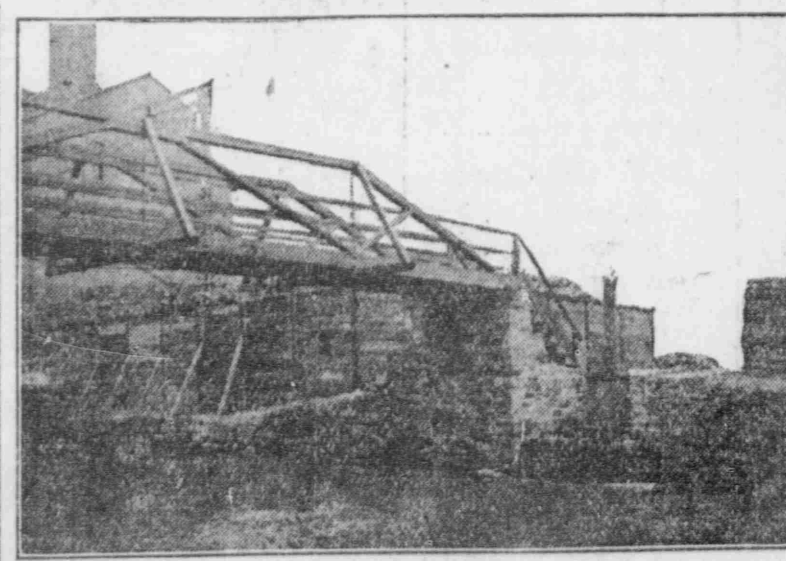
MILL LABORATORY.



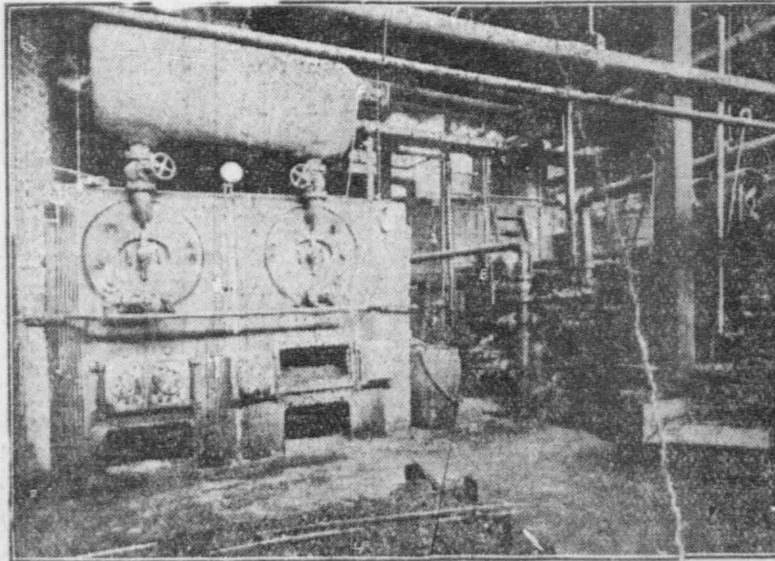
OUTLET FROM TAIL RACE.



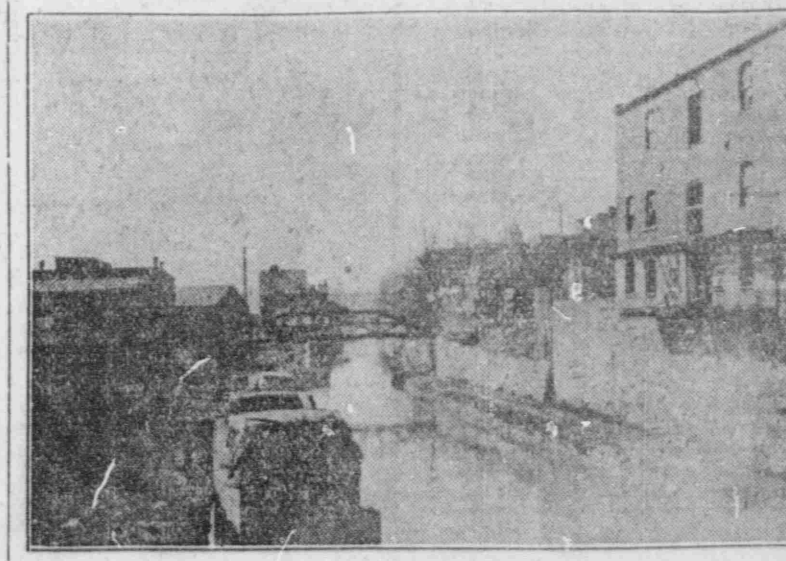
CORNER IN MILL WAREHOUSE.



MILL HEAD GATE.



FILTER PLANT.



POWER CANAL.